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The PHONO GRAM

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SEVENTH NUMBER

NOVEMBER

1900



PRINTED MONTHLY
FOR THOSE INTER-
ESTED IN PHONES,
GRAPHS, GRAMS &
SCOPES. DEVOTED
TO THE ARTS OF
RECORDING AND REPRODUCING
SOUND. ~~OFFICIAL HANDBOOK~~ of
THE ORDER of THE PHONOGRAM.

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The PHONOGRAM

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A Charming
Fantasy in Five
Stanzas

We Sat Apart

¶ A charmingly written
and daintily printed little
poem. It tells an old
story in a new way, and
will be prized by all who
read it.

16mo, Boards
Price, Fifty Cents

*A
Dainty
Gift
Book*



Published by
AUGUSTE GIRALDI
139 Fifth Avenue
New York

PICTURES OF THE TALENT

¶ My friend SHATTUCK, who publishes the PHONOGRAM, tells me that people are asking him if he can get Photos of the different people who sing and play for the Phonograph. So I have arranged with L. L. ROUSH (an exceedingly clever artist), to supply all such requests.

PLATINOTYPE PRINTS

OF THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE NOW READY

CAL STEWART BYRON G. HARLAN MR. OPENER

OTHERS IN PREPARATION

¶ The prints are on heavy paper, requiring no mounting. Size, about 7 x 5 inches. They are made by a new process, and really might be called Photo-drawings. These drawings retain all the truth of a photograph combined with the

DELICACY OF AN ETCHING.

They are very artistic and novel and all that sort of thing; and are pronounced by people who like them to be even superior to the well-known Copley Prints.

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¶ If the pictures themselves do not convince you of their value, I return your money cheerfully; or, if you are a subscriber to the PHONOGRAM, I will send the prints for inspection, you to pay for those you keep.

JOHN WRIGHT, 234 Union St., Hackensack, N. J.

¶ If you like the style of these pictures and want some of yourself, send me one of your ordinary photographs and Mr. ROUSH will reproduce your picture by his beautiful etching process for \$12.00 the half dozen.

THE DEACON AND THE PHONOGRAPH

A Jingle.

Old Deacon White of Kalamazoo
Felt all out of sorts. His spirits were blue :
He had the hay fever. His wife had it too.
Together they were a sad couple to view;
Deacon White and his wife of Kalamazoo.

Quinine they took till they couldn't hold more,
But only felt worse; till a neighbor next door
Dropped in to see them, and brought, furthermore
A Home Phonograph and records galore.

The Deacon straightway took a new lease of life,
Fergot all his ills, and so did his wife.
Quinine and hay fever were both put aside,
And they shouted and laughed till they like to have died.
To shorten this tale—so delighted were they
That they sent for an outfit the very next day.

EUGENE A. R.

PHONOGRAPH SINGERS.

An odd occupation is that of singing to a Phonograph—singing where no plaudits welcome, no evidence of attention encourages, no hush evinces an audience in the spell of delight, or hearts swayed by emotion; no outburst to tell the artist of triumph won; no bowing right and left to rapturous applause, and no bouquets. Only an unresponsive machine, which makes no sound or sign either of approval or disapproval, which has no joy in swelling note, rich tone or exquisite phrasing; but yet records alike unerringly the singers' merits and defects. A performance quite foreign to the musicians' province, as impersonal as an unsigned article. Nevertheless, many singers sing to the Phonograph. If there is no glory in it, no gain of reputation or pleasure of showered plaudits, it is lucrative.

Any of these fine days when the windows are wide open the traveler on the Valley road round West Orange, passing the Edison works, is sent refreshed on his way by some melodious turn or bit of sentiment embalmed in tone, which come from where a Phonograph is taking records. Not infrequently the singing is so good that it arrests the wayfarer and keeps him to the end of the song. For no mere bawler is employed in this field. Even the mighty in the realms of song have condescended to pour their precious notes into the receiving horn, to unload their treasures at a mill whose grist will be ground for the delight of ages when the voices of the singers are dumb.

It may be sweet to hear the voice outside; the footsore traveler may be held by its cadences and neglect for awhile his journey in the hot road. But it is not beautiful nor edifying to see the singer at the Phonograph. A stranger's

wonder would likely be excited by his antics. The singer takes his stand at a certain distance from the mouth of the horn and begins.

Now he throws back his head, now thrusts it forward, now poises it this way and now that. All this would look ridiculous to an audience, but is necessary before the Phonograph. The force of the note must be accommodated to the machine. If the composition calls for unusual force in propulsion, the singer must hold his head back so that his voice may not strike the diaphragm of the Phonograph too violently; if, on the contrary, the music is soft and gentle, the head must be brought nearer the receiving horn, so as to make the due impression on the wax. This sort of music calls for one adjustment of the head, that, for another. Moreover, the distance must be just right. This varies according to the size of the machine. But the Phonograph singer, like the baseball player, and the horse jockey, must be an exact judge of distance.

As a rule singers who are practised in their art know what is needed. They acquire an instinctive sense of the force of sound in platform performances; yet all have to undergo some training before facing the Phonograph. They must be taught how to pose the head. Many records are spoiled in this training.

Furthermore, the artist must be in perfect voice; there must be no trace of hoarseness, no nasal quality, or other defect or the record is useless. The machine has been brought to such a degree of perfection that it makes note of every slightest sound, or lack of sound. A singer before an audience may excuse his hoarseness, and find sympathy;

(Continued on page nine)



BILLY GOLDEN.

Friends and admirers will readily recognize genial Billy Golden the subject of this sketch. Mr. Golden, with George Diamond, were the first two professionals to sing for the Phonograph. Asked his most popular record, and a short history of his life he said:

I consider "Turkey in the straw" my best record, the sales of this record far exceeding any other, and that it also has aided in the sale of Phonographs is attested by scores of letters I have received.

At an early age I left my home to go upon the stage, and with a companion made ten trips from St. Louis to New Orleans on the Mississippi, as singing and dancing comedians. During my stay in the South I secured a situation picking cotton which enabled me to be among the southern darkies and acquire the quaint dialect of that section known as Rich Mississippi Twang. I have been on the stage 26 years as a professional.

(Concluded from page seven)

the audience will take his best and, probably, enjoy it in some degree. But the Phonograph accepts no excuses. It gives back the hoarseness as it hears it. The reproduction is ridiculous and entirely marred. A record that is flawed must be discarded. On the other hand, the excellences of music are reproduced in their degree. If the poor singing is ridiculous, the good is given back with no loss of richness or beauty of tone, or fineness of phrasing.

Various is the compensation of Phonograph singers; but, all, even the poorest, are well paid. The fact is, no poor singer need apply here. The Phonograph manufacturers carry a staff of men and women on their books, but all must be trained in the art of voice expression. An untrained singer would spoil too many records, and his best would not be worth much in Phonograph entertainment.

Nor can these artists be constantly employed. An hour is about as much as an ordinary voice can bear. The wear and tear of longer singing would soon mar the finest voice.

Some of the leading opera singers who have been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House have been induced to place their voices on phonographic record. One man on Fifth avenue has a splendid collection of such records, among them records of the voices of Nordica, Sembrich and Suzanne Adams. He has records, also, of celebrated tenors, baritones and basses. The voices of the De Reszkes, however, he has not secured; those great singers could not be induced by any offer to put their voices in pickle, as it were.—From the *New York Mail and Express*.



A SHADOWGRAPH OF BYRON G. HARLAN.

Byron G. Harlan is one of the latest singers who has been making a success with Phonograph records. For the last two years he has risen steadily in the appreciation of the public, not only for his solo work but for the beautiful duets which he sings with Mr. A. D. Madeira. Mr. Harlan has a wonderfully sympathetic voice and has also what is a rare combination, a 'taking' voice, that is, as regards the quality of the Phonograph records that he makes.

The story of his life is interesting. He was born in Kansas in '57 and drifted into the hotel business in South Dakota. One day Gus Brigham, a traveler for the Haynes Piano House, heard him singing in the hotel parlor and

when he got back to Chicago, he told the manager of the Hess Opera Company of the Dakota jewel he had discovered. Hess promptly telegraphed to Mr. Harlan, and the next day Harlan had joined the Hess Opera Company. Later he joined Newton Beers' "Lost in London" Company. He stayed with Hoyt's "A Texas Steer" for three seasons, playing the part of the Private Secretary. Then he put a Company of his own on the road, playing "Lost in London," shining as a star of the first magnitude. While singing in Newark, N. J., he was discovered for phonographic purposes by Walter H. Miller of The National Phonograph Co. who heard him one night at the theatre and promptly gathered him in to shine with his other stars. His best songs are the following: "The Blue and the Gray," "Please Mr. Conductor," "Will I find my mama there," "A woman can't forget the man she loves," "Just what the Good Book Taught." Of his duets with Mr. Madeira, 'I left because I love you' promises to be the most popular.

RAISING FUNDS.

The local paper of Smithville, a village not far from Cincinnati, contained this note the other day: "There will be an ice cream supper given by Mrs. Susan Howard next Tuesday night, July 3, in the Christian Church Grove, to assist in raising funds for the funeral expenses of her husband." If a man must die there is nothing like leaving a loving widow.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

SHULTZ HAS AN ATTACK OF NERVOUS ABILITY.

New Hampshear near
Some Hills cloas by.

September de 7 times of the mondt.

Meister Phono Gram

Id gifts me a muchness of pleasure to sendt you a liddle more wroting de same like vat I sendted you latzt mondt. I vas tolding you aboutt how I dresst mineself in de morning.

Ven I vent to put my Blug hat on I found a nesd ef Kitten Katz in id, ven I come de ladder stairvay down, de farmer sedt, I subbose you vant to vash pefore breakfast aind id, I toldt him yes, he sedt, you vill find a Barrel of softness soap pehind de Kitchen, grab a hantfull und run dowsd to de brook, I did, but I forgotten de towel, und de sope vas my eyes in, und id tooken me a half an hour to feel my vay back to de hous, ven I got in the derning room dere vas only me und de farmer together py each oder, he sedt de oder boarders vill nod to Breakfast com, dey doand care for any, und pefore I gotten drough I did'nt plame em, he sedt vat would you like to eat yourself, I toldt him some nice eggs vat de hens had yust built,—hot Bitscuts mit golden Butter, und coffee mit sdhweet Kream, he laffed und sedt py Gosh I doand plame you, Id like to haf dose dings meinself, bud you see eggs are pringing 40 cents a dotzen py de market, und we sendt em all to de cidy, as for Bitscuts ve are oud of flower, de next time I go py de Villiage, I vill gotten a sack, und ve are oud of kream as de cows are dry, I sedt vy doand you gifd dem some vater

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bud he only laft, I sedt nefer mind gift me a nice piece of stake und fride potatoes, he sedt de putcher com's Saterdag und dis is only 2's day, und de potatoes aind fit to dig yed, ven he sedt dot my lifer gift a jump, as mooch as to say Shultz Im vorking let us home go, den I sedt Mr farmer vat haf you gotten I vas hungry, he sedt ve haf some nice ^{old} pork vich I Killed latst fall, und some of de best Korn dodgers you efer tasted, he sedt de minister vas hear lats Sunday to diner, und he sedt he nefer tasted any like dem, und I dond dink he did I no I nefer did, I sedt broughten em in, den my lifer gave anoder jump Id knows more as I do, ven he bringded de stuff in I looked at id, and as de gamblers say I renaiged, I have yust bean to de postal card offis, vere I sendt a telephon dispatch for a Keg of Sauer Krout und a 1000 pounds of Weiner Wust, und as soon as I eat dem I am comin hoam, und my physicern better gotten a fire insurance pollysee, on his life,

Yours mit a hungryness,

Fritz Shultz.

N. G. (notice good)—don'd told Valter Miller, vich is vorking mit Mr. Edison, or Arthur Collins, dot fat feller vat sings Nigger Songs, or dey vill a laffing make.

EVEN IN DAYS OF YORE.

"Where is the electrician?" yelled Noah, as he groped his way towards the engine-room. Thus, even in the days of yore, there was much commotion when the arc lights went out.—*Brooklyn Life*.



THE ONLY AND ORIGINAL LAUGHING AND WHISTLING COON.

George W. Johnson is one of the oldest men in the business, both "chronic logically" as he says and also from point of years. He was born a slave 'way back in '46 and has had a checkered career. He came North in 1873, and first attracted public notice as a whistler on excursion boats and on the ferries. Those were days when the signs "Playing of musical instruments Positively Forbidden" were not in existence, and many a rich harvest he reaped by his novel entertainments. He made records for the Phonograph in 1877 when it was in the tin foil stage of existence, and they were wonderful records too, as the then method of re-

cording by indentations seemed to adapt itself wonderfully to whistling.

And he has been at it ever since.

Phonographically, he is famous the world over, as his whistle and laugh are unique. His laugh especially is absolutely inimitable. There are other artists who laugh and others who whistle; but if you want the *real* coon laugh and the real coon whistle there's only one Johnson.

His best known records are these: Laughing Coon, Laughing Song, Whistling Coon, Whistling Girl, and through them his fame will descend to the next generation.

THE BEST KIND OF A DIAPHRAGM.

The following heretofore unheard of information in regard to breath and breathing was made public in Kentucky by a school boy of 12 years, who wrote an essay on the subject: "We breath with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and our livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die while we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breath. They should wait until they get out into the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dogs. Girls sometimes ruin the breath with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is best for the right kind of breathing."—From *Medical Classics*.



DAN W. QUINN.

How familiar the name appears to all users of Phonograph records. For over ten years Mr. Quinn has been singing before this popular and wonderful machine, his great specialty being the introduction of new and up-to-date comic songs. His repertoire is one of the largest of any American vocalist. Mr. Quinn has made records for all the best companies in New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington and Cincinnati, and has always received a great share of patronage. His enunciation is perfect. Mr. Quinn is also an entertainer who is in great demand at the best clubs in the country. As an evidence of his popularity he has appeared at the Larchmont Yacht Club no less than twenty-eight times.

Mr. Quinn also entertains at private dinners and afternoon teas for the elite of New York City. He is very popular and genial and well liked by all who know him.

PUMPING THE PUMP, PUMP, PUMP.

One of Dan Quinn's latest funny songs.

She said that she'd like to be
 An actress dressed in silk.
 He asked her why
 Here's her reply
 "Because they bathe in milk."
 Her father owned a dairy farm
 John was the hired man,
 And all he had to do was
 Pump water in the can.

Chorus

Yes, John was hired to pump the pump, pump, pump,
 Pump, pump, pump up the pump, pump, pump;
 A fly cop came and there he stood,
 He couldn't pump me but he pumped John good.
 He's now in jail, the milk man had to jump,
 For his cream was thin;
 And they pulled John in
 For pumping the pump, pump, pump.

One day Sal, she took and put
 Ten dollars in her mouth,
 And down it went,
 By accident,
 She's ten in and ten out;
 The doctor brought a stomach pump
 And said right here to Jack,
 This is the only chance you've got,
 To get your money back.

Chorus

Then John began to pump the pump, pump, pump,
Pump, pump, pump up the pump, pump, pump ;
They couldn't get him to drink a sup,
He'd pump, pump, pump, but she wouldn't cough up.
Then Sal said "John the stage is my next jump,"
"I can act" said she,
"For there's money in me,"
Quite working the pump, pump, pump.

John told Sal he loved her,
At the old town pump day ;
And if you'll allow,
I'll tell you how
It happened in this way.
He disappointed her one night,
Beneath the old oak tree ;
She called him to the pump next day,
"I'm thirsty John" said she.

Chorus

Then John began to pump the pump, pump, pump,
Pump, pump, pump up the pump, pump, pump ;
"Where were you last night" said she,
"Why right here pumping the pump," said he.
They're married now, his head she'll bump, bump, bump,
That's the best he'll get
From the girl he met
While pumping the pump, pump, pump.

SHOCKING.

"They say the young man Melissa Perkins is going to marry is a reg'lar paragon."

"Land sakes ! Do tell ! I thought he was a clerk in a grocery."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.



WILL N. STEELE.

My first appearance as an entertainer occurred in New York City on the 25th of June, 1871. As this period also marks my debut on this earth, it might be advisable to explain that the entertainment afforded by your humble servant on this occasion consisted of a series of squeaks and squalls, a specialty peculiarly confined to performers of very tender age. My performance must have met with instantaneous success, inasmuch as I was retained at this house for many years, remaining under the same management. That ambitious fever to entertain others, once imbedded in the system, is a dangerous malady, incurable even with the aid of Hood's Sarsaparilla. My case was no exception to the rule and at the age of twenty I found myself with a

fair reputation in the Lyceum field, appearing in a humorous monologue, introducing imitations of popular actors, a gift I had acquired naturally, and which I featured in my performance.

About this time I had the good fortune to meet my present associate, Mr. Thomas W. Murray, with whom I joined hands and, under the firm name of Steele and Murray, presented a travesty sketch written by him and entitled "A Night at the Players Club" which met with immediate approval. Later on we added a rapid-fire conversation entitled "Talking it over," with which we repeated our former success. In 1899, the attention of the Edison Phonograph management was directed to my dialectic ability, and, possessing a voice peculiarly adapted for Phonograph work, I made my initial appearance at the Edison laboratory, recording stories originated by that late eminent wit Mr. J. W. Kelly.

These talks have been carefully prepared and contain the funniest extracts from that famous humorist's vast collection of mirth. In the "Irish on Parade", describing a St. Patrick's day celebration, it is remarked that "a black eye is no disgrace to an Irishman, because it always turns green at the finish" and also that "if the men in line seem a little unsteady on their horses it's not because they're drunk, but that an Irishman always picks out a green horse to ride on." "Mr. Einstein," a mythical Hebrew friend of mine, who plays the leading part in an original series which I am introducing, describing his sea-sickness during his trip across the ocean to his friend Levinsky, remarks that the ocean made such a feeling, up and down, just like an elevator. Then he suggests that the captain

shall put him off at the next station. His description of a ship being chased by a whale wherein he tells Levinsky that "the whale could eat like a fish," would soften even a stockholder in the ice trust. Another warm member that I would recommend for that tired feeling is "Einstein on Fire," while "Einstein on the war," in which he organizes a Hebrew regiment which disbands upon the appearance of three drunken Irishman, is one of the best and most humorous records in my catalogue.

I trust that "Einstein" and the Phonographic public will become better acquainted before long, and can assure you that an introduction to him will not be regretted. Hoping that my story of the past has not wearied you and promising to atone for it in the future, I merely remark keep your eye on,

Yours truly,

WM. M. STEELE.

PROMPT PEOPLE.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study,—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they pick up the minutes which dawdlers lose.—*Merchant Sentinel*.



MAY KELSO.

May Kelso, born in Dayton, Ohio, has sung in public since four years of age. She began her theatrical career in 1888, in farce comedy; the most notable engagement being with Russell's Comedians presenting "The City Directory," remaining three and a half years with that organization.

She retired in 1894 and did not return to stage work until the autumn of 1898. Last season she sang in "Broadway to Tokio." In a recent interview she says "I like New York very much and I expect to accept New York engagements only in the future.

"I am very fond of singing ballads and sentimental darky lullabies. The following ballads are favorites with me,

"Always," "Oft Times," "Only a Dream" and of the coon songs "Kentucky Babe," "Hush your noise and go to sleep," "Stay in your own back yard" and "Just cuddle in my arms."

"By the bye, in theatrical life I am known as Maym Kelso; but the Phonograph does not take kindly to the name, hence I am May for the Phonograph and Maym on the stage."

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A COIN-SLOT PHONOGRAPH.

They had been doing the Tenderloin and were not able to walk very rapidly, so they stopped now and then to get breath. One was a tall, thin German and the other was a short, stout Swede. When they made a stop at Seventh Avenue and Forty-fifth Street the Swede spied an iron box with a crank attached to it.

"Aye tank ve smoke some chewing gum," he said.

"Dot is not for chewing gum," said the German; "dot is for moosick mit a penny in der slot machine."

"Aye tank mebbe it been drop a nickels for candy," argued the Swede.

"No," said the German, "it vere for moosick. I vill a cent drop und ve vill hear Sultzer's band play somet'ing."

"Aye tank ve turn the handle first," said the Swede.

"Dot is der crank," exclaimed the German. "Ven you could speech English like me you could read dot sign dot you must der crank turn after. Dot is not a handle."

The Swede dropped a cent in the slot and the German turned the crank. Then a puff of wind came from the

end of an iron pipe. The Swede took a turn at the crank and the German got a puff of wind. Then they braced against each other and looked sideways at the slot machine.

“Aye tank dot been a swindle,” said the Swede.

“Ve could had dot machine arrested,” said the German.

A policeman came along and explained that the slot machine was a bicycle pump. The Swede looked at the German in disgust and said :

“Aye tank you can’t read English too. Only we get wind for our money.”

“Now who you vote for ? ” said the German. “Didn’t I argument to you dot Bryan vi’ll only vind give for your money ? Dot is a Tammany’s Hall machine. My son told me dot Tammany’s Hall got a machine, but I never saw it before. Come, ve have yet one more drink.”—
From the New York *Sun*.

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13. —William J. Bryan to-day repeated the peroration of his Indianapolis speech to the Phonograph.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Really the Colonel is unjust to himself and to his undoubted genius. His paramount issues are the Phonograph and the photograph.—From the New York *Sun*.

***THE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH.**

(Commenced in May number.)

CHAPTER IV—THE STORY OF THE INVENTION.

The story of the invention is best told in Mr. Edison's own words. In an article on "The Perfected Phonograph" which he wrote for the *North American Review* in 1888, Mr. Edison calls attention to the well known effects of certain musical notes and chords upon sand, when loosely sprinkled on a sounding board; in response to the sound waves, the sand sifts itself into various geometric curves, differing according to pitch and intensity. He speaks also of the fine line of sand that is left high up on an ocean beach, as each breaker spends its force in its uttermost ripple, and then recedes. He draws the following parallel:

"Yet, well known though these phenomena are, they apparently never suggested until with a few years, that the sound waves set going by a human voice, might be so directed as to trace an impression upon some solid substance, with a nicety equal to that of the tide in recording its flow upon the sand beach. * * * * *

"My own discovery that this could be done came to me almost accidentally while I was busy with experiments, having a different object in view. I was engaged upon a machine intended to repeat Morse characters, which were recorded on paper by indentations that transferred their message to another circuit automatically, when passed

*Reprinted by license of the National Phonograph Company
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under a tracing point connected with a circuit closing apparatus.

“In manipulating this paper, I found that when the indented paper was turned with great swiftness, it gave off a humming noise from the indentations, a musical rythmic sound resembling that of human talk heard indistinctly.

“This led me to try fitting a diaphragm to the machine. I saw at once that the problem of registering human speech so that it could be repeated by mechanical means as often as might be desired, was solved.”—T. A. EDISON.

CHAPTER V—THE FIRST PHONOGRAPH.

(From the *New York Sun* of March 1st, 1899.)

The man who made the first Phonograph was buried at Schenectady on February 25, 1899. He was one of the little band of men who worked with Thomas A. Edison at Menlo Park, and through whose skill and faithful assistance were developed many of the inventions which gave to Edison the name of “The Wizard.” It was in those days that Edison used to become absorbed in the development of an idea, worked at it without rest or sleep for two or three days and nights and keep all those about him busy at the same time. He would call in an organ grinder from the streets to keep his men awake, or resort to some other such device, and when the strain was finally over, charter a boat and take all hands down the bay on a fishing excursion. Among the most tireless of the men about “The Wizard” at that time was John Kruesi, the man who made the first Phonograph. The idea came to Mr. Edison as an inspira-

tion a few days before, while he was experimenting with a telephone disc. The disc was not enclosed and there was a sharp, pointed pin on the back of it.

As Mr. Edison spoke against the face of the disc its vibrations drove the pin into his finger.

"If the disc has power enough to prick my finger," thought 'The Wizard', "it has power enough to make a record which can be reproduced."

A few days later he called Kruesi to him, and putting into his hands a rough sketch of the Phonograph, explained what the thing was to do, and told him to make it. It was a roll machine, the roll covered with tin foil to take the record. Kruesi made the machine and brought it to Mr. Edison. Edison set it going and spoke into it:

"Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

Then he started it to repeat his words, expecting at the best but a hoarse murmur in answer. He was almost awed when he heard his words actually repeated in clear tones by the little machine. That machine is now in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, London, England.

CHAPTER VI—PICTORIAL AND COMMERCIAL HISTORY.

In the preceeding chapters there have been traced, first the growth of the Idea; next; the events leading up to the Invention, and finally, the Invention. The growth of the Invention itself, from the crude tin foil covered roll and rough apparatus of 1877, to the lead soap record of

to-day (popularly termed the "wax" cylinder), and the delicate and positive mechanism which distinguishes the modern Phonograph can be told best by reproducing the early prints. These pictures, though lacking in art, tell the story of progress so plainly that few explanatory words are needful. [The twelve engravings illustrating this chapter in the original work (of which these articles in the PHONOGRAM are reprints), are not available for reproduction in this magazine, by reason of their size, a fact to be regretted ; for, as the author says, "they tell the story of progress." The book is advertised elsewhere in these columns, and being of moderate cost, its purchase is recommended to everyone who is interested in Phonographs.—EDITOR].

Then followed a period of nearly ten years during which the Phonograph remained quiescent, the reason for which is given in the following quotation taken from Mr. Edison's article in the *North American Review*, June, 1888: "Ten years ago I contributed to the *North American Review* a paper on 'The Phonograph and its Future,' in which I sketched the solution of certain problems accomplished by my invention and predicted some of the uses to which it would be put. Other weighty matters engaged much of my time and attention after that article was published ; but the future of which I then spoke has now arrived, and the predictions which I made at that time are now verified."

The Phonograph of 1887 used the wax cylinder, electric motor works and recording and reproducing diaphragms arranged on a swivel, for instant interchange. This is the "Spectacle" model, so-called from the resemblance of the Diaphragms to a pair of eye-glasses.

About this time The North American Phonograph Co. started to manufacture and market the Phonograph, offering it solely as an office convenience; that is to say, as an amanuensis, in place of a stenographer. On account of its high price, no thought was taken of the enormous latent possibilities of the Phonograph as a fun maker or home entertainer. It may be of interest to quote from a catalogue of 1893 [see page 30].

In 1895, The National Phonograph Co. took up the sale of Phonographs and discarded the Treadle and Water Motor types. Under its management the Electric Motor appeared, and a new type was added which was called The Edison Spring Motor Phonograph.

The Phonograph was now growing in popularity as a means of amusement for the general public; and in response to a wide demand for a cheaper instrument, another style was added, also of the clock-work type, called the Edison Home Phonograph.

In 1897, to keep pace with the growing popular demand, a still cheaper Phonograph, called "The Standard" was put on the market.

Early in 1899, a still more moderate priced machine, known as "The Gem," was placed before the public. This machine came as a revelation to the Phonograph world; as an example of what could be accomplished in small compass and for a small price.

Following the Gem, came the announcement that Mr. Edison had perfected the Phonograph, and had produced the "Concert," a machine playing a record five inches in diameter (a return to the size of the original tin foil covered

(Continued on page thirty-one)

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH.

As the ideal amanuensis for office use.

In recommending the use of the Phonograph in business offices, The North American Phonograph Company feel that they are advising the introduction of a machine which will do all that is claimed for it, and which will fill a position that was as vacant, before the Phonograph was used, as the one now filled by the typewriter was years ago.

The Phonograph will save your Time and your Money.

You can talk faster than to a stenographer and your typewriter can transcribe more quickly than from stenographic notes, not being obliged to look at the notes and find the place.

Your typewriter can begin to transcribe the first of your correspondence at the same time that you are dictating the remainder, and the work is completed sooner than if a stenographer had to wait until the dictation was finished before beginning to transcribe.

The Phonograph adds to your Convenience.

You can dictate while your typewriter is absent or doing other work. With more than one Phonograph in the office different men can dictate their letters at the same time, and one typewriter can transcribe for all.

MOTOR BATTERIES, ETC.

The Phonograph is built in four different classes, according to whether it is to be run by an Electric Motor and Battery; an Electric Motor attached to an Electric Light Current; a Water Motor; or a Foot Treadle.

(Concluded from page twenty-nine)

record). So perfect is its work, that seeing it dispels an illusion.

After hearing it there can be but one conclusion—Thomas A. Edison is the Alpha and Omega of the Phonograph.

¶ This ends Part First of the **HAND BOOK** of the Phonograph; being the extent of the license to reprint, as granted to the **PHONOGRAM** by the publishers of said **HAND BOOK**.

HOW TO HARNESS UP THE PHONOGRAPH TO BUSINESS.

Draughon's Practical Business College down in Nashville, Tenn., has given the Phonograph a new field of operation, making of it a dictator instead of an amanuensis. This institution is now using in its Shorthand Department, one of Edison's high-grade Phonographs for dictating to the advanced classes of shorthand students, with wonderfully successful results. The principal of the Shorthand Department, Prof. Geo. A. Jones, one of the most successful teachers of shorthand in the South, is considered an expert with anything which pertains to sound, sound-writing, or sound-recording, which accounts for the loud, clear and distinct records he has made of the human voice.

The special advantage of the Phonograph as used in this institution is the fact that the speed at which the dictation is given may be so gradually and uniformly accelerated that the student is carried almost imperceptibly up to his limit. This advantage cannot be had from the old method of dictating, and Draughon's College, perhaps, bears the distinction of being the first in the United States to adopt it.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN POLITICS.

It was at a Democratic mass meeting that a Phonograph was pompously declaiming the following speech, according to the *Chicago Tribune*:

“More than that, fellow countrymen! Under the leadership of Mark Hanna the Republican party has trampled the Constitution under foot, violated the laws of the land, defiled the courts of justice, trodden ruthlessly upon the rights of man, and with reckless disregard for every principle of righteousness, morality and humanity, it now seeks to—”

At this point the cylinder gave out.

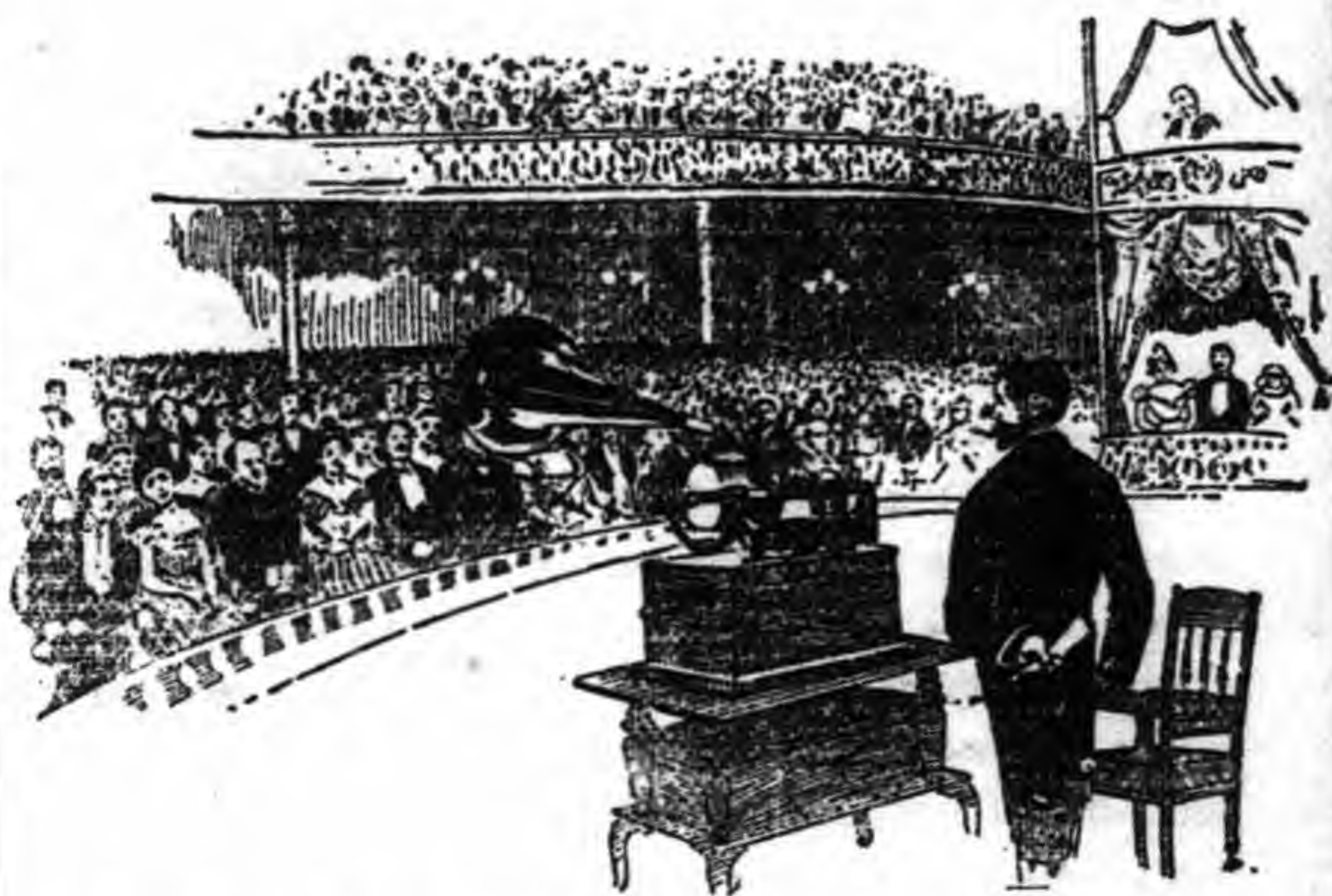
The manager hastily removed it, slipped on another, and the grind was resumed:

“——fill the land with suffering and horror! O my fellow citizens, do we realize the poverty, the misery, the unutterable woe inflicted upon our country by this demon? Do we realize how its blighting touch is palsying the energies of our youth and driving adult manhood to despair? When will we rise in our might and banish forever the iniquitous and infernal traffic in ardent spirits——”

The maddened audience made a rush for the platform, upset the speaker's desk, hammered the Phonograph to pieces and broke up the meeting.

Some evil-minded person had worked off upon the unsuspecting manager a cylinder with a portion of a Prohibition speech on it.

L



L is for LECTURE
On Music and Art
The *Phonograph* playing
A prominent part.

AUTOMATIC MUSIC AS AN EDUCATOR.

Automatic music making machines have multiplied at an astonishing rate since the day of the first music box, and the evolution of these instruments threatens the old time music teacher with extinction. Within the last ten years these machines have taken on a new phase, and have gained the serious attention of musicians and music lovers. The old-fashioned music box, playing a limited number of tunes with tinkling sweetness, developed into the elaborate changeable cylinder box, with extensive repertory and beauty of tone. Such boxes are still sold, their prices running into the thousands, but the addition of a new number to their repertories means the preparation of a new cylinder, and the cost of a cylinder runs from \$6 in a cheap box to \$200 in an elaborate and unusual box, so variety is an expensive luxury. It was this limitation that led to the invention of the more modern type of music box, in which a perforated paper or metal tune sheet is substituted for the cylinder. These tune sheets can be bought for about 60 cents each, and it is possible to obtain, for one of the popular boxes, any piece of music desired. The quality of tone has also been immeasurably improved, and the only disadvantage of the new music box, as compared with the old, is that all its music is, of necessity, played in one key.

Switzerland has always been the home of music box manufacture; and, even now, most of the purely automatic musical machines are made there; but the best of the modern boxes is of American invention and manufacture. Thousands of these boxes are exported annually, and the demand for them in this country is enormous. Almost every well equipped yacht has one. Scores of them have

been put into private cars. Helen Gould and other philanthropists have given hundreds of them to charitable institutions. With slot attachments, they flourish in all public places, although the manufacturers have made an effort to keep their best boxes out of such use, because it has injured the sale among private individuals.

But even the best purely automatic musical instrument isn't the last cry in mechanical music making. There has always been among musicians a well-founded and violent prejudice against music purely mechanical. To meet this prejudice, the music box took a long leap, and now makes bold a stand upon ground purely esthetic. Moreover, a good many competent judges admit the truth of the assertion and insist that this new music making experiment marks the beginning of an epoch in music study.

The market is flooded with semi-automatic instruments which aim to overcome technical difficulties, while allowing free scope to the individuality of the player. Some of these instruments attempt to reproduce orchestral effects and are valuable in the study of orchestration; but the latest and most practical achievements are mechanical attachments by which any piano and organ may be used and the necessity of a mastery of technique be abolished. The entire vocabulary of Greek and Latin verb roots has been exhausted in naming these new music makers, and one can buy pianos with any verb ending preferred.

Some of these instruments are good. Some are execrable. All are based upon the fact that piano playing has become a labor, that the amount of virtuosity required for popular public rendering of piano music to-day puts success out of the question for any save the phenomenally gifted,

and that, in private piano study, the results do not justify the amount of force and time expended.

The number of unhappy youngsters doomed to five finger exercises, and, because of technical difficulties, achieving nothing save the agony of listeners and the wasting of time, money and nerve force, has at last appealed to a tender-hearted public. Perhaps the sufferings inflicted upon that same public, by alleged virtuosi may have had something to do with the movement. At any rate there is a tremendous agitation for the study of musical structure and sentiment rather than digital gymnastics. The new music teacher is to have an automatic piano attachment for a "noisy-silent" partner. He will teach his pupil to understand musical form and feeling, will make the student familiar with the work of the great masters, without requiring more of the fingers than a management of simple stops and slides regulating tempo and dynamic shading. The number of poor performers will decrease. The number of intelligent interpreters and appreciators will increase. So say the believers in the new era.

The programme sounds attractive. It would bring peace to the souls of the victims whose next-door neighbors in apartment or boarding house are now spending eight hours a day on scales and five-finger exercises. It would rob childhood of some of its horrors and give it a chance of being what tradition calls it, the happiest period of life. It would spare amiable mortals the torture of listening to music execrable both in spirit and technique. The commencement exercises of the young ladies' boarding schools would lose half their terrors. Even if the girl's nerve and memory failed her, the piano would go on doing its share of the

work correctly, and the agonizing pause and hair-raising failure of the sweet graduate would be done away with.

Best of all, the concert stage would be for the man with music in his soul, not for the man who, through sheer tenacity of purpose, can practice long enough to acquire technical dexterity. The funeral knell of the virtuoso would be tolled and he would follow the sad eyed nursery governess and the hollow-cheeked music professor of the sentimental novel, into oblivion. A part of the public would mourn for him. How is one to know whether a man is playing well if he doesn't pounce upon the piano and pound, throttle and tickle it? What is one to do in musical conversation if one can't talk about virtuosity? Virtuosity and coloratura are the shibboleths in conversation upon musical topics. By judicious use of them any novice can make a respectable impression and, if society would lose them, the calamity would be as great as though values and chiaroscuro were struck out of art. Intellectual conversation would languish and would have to depend upon Ibsen and the Decadents.

But if, as the prophets foretell, virtuosity must go, the pianist's hair, at least, may be left intact. There's comfort for the multitude. A player may be quite as slim and poetic and unkempt, when he is pulling stops and pushing slides as if he were hammering keys; and there's nothing about a semi-automatic piano to prevent its master tossing back a leonine mane, or shaking a fleecy aureole, in most approved style. In fact, he will be able to devote even more time and thought to scenic effect, when he is relieved of all responsibility in regard to technique, and there will be more poetic and Delsartean objects for feminine adoration

than now. So many men to-day who could look and feel the part are bound down by digital deficiencies. Altogether, the wise men who foretell an era of music, in which mechanics will furnish the fingers and men furnish the brains, seem to be heralding a season of joy. The music teacher will have to change his spots and the virtuoso will have to adopt new tactics, and a generation of both classes will have useless material on hand; but the greatest good to the greatest number will be served, and there will be no excuse for any one's dying with all his music in him.

That there is a certain amount of logic in the conclusion that the spread of automatic music will have an educational influence is proved by the fact that within the last two years the musical departments of Harvard, Brown, Vassar, Chicago University and other colleges have adopted semi-automatic musical instruments of one sort or another, and are finding them of great value in the study of musical structures. It seems unquestionable that the increasing popularity of such instruments will have an educational value, because it gives an opportunity of becoming familiar with good music to innumerable persons who would, without it, rarely hear good music tolerably rendered. "The Moonlight Sonata" would become as familiar as a coon song if one could hear it as often.

The number of automatic pianos and organs to-day is legion, and still they come. Each new one has some alleged advantage over the last and the quality of the instruments is undoubtedly improving from week to week. What the limit of the development will be no one can tell. One well-known composer declares that it is within possibility that future developments will broaden the scope

of musical composition, making possible effects that have been heretofore forbidden by limitations of technical achievement.

The average piano attachment is adjusted to any piano, and, naturally, the quality of the tone it produces depends upon the quality of the piano. In one of the most successful instruments a small cabinet stands before the piano, and from it fingers of felt extend over the keys of the piano. Connected with each finger or lever is a series of pneumatic tubes small bellows supplied with air by foot treadles, give motive power. The agency for exhausting the bellows and causing the dropping of the levers is a roll of perforated paper. The tempo varies in accordance with the speed at which the music roll revolves; and this speed is controlled partly by the use of a stop, but chiefly by the degree of force exerted by the player, in his pedalling. Stops are in direct connection with the soft and loud pedals of the piano, so that the force can be regulated exactly as in ordinary piano playing. All of the semi-automatic pianos are built more or less upon this same principle. In a few of them there has been an effort to put the attachment out of sight by placing it under the key board and dropping the front of the piano to hide it. Other experiments have done away with the pedalling, and have furnished the motive power in electricity; but an objection to this innovation lies in the fact that it lessens the close relation between the player and the instrument and so decreases the artistic value of the device.

Thousands of American automatic pianos are being exported, and the demand for them in this country is constantly increasing. One firm has sold to private families

within the last year 4,000 instruments of one kind, costing \$250 apiece. The trade is particularly good in the West, and those sections of the country where the opportunities for hearing good music are comparatively few, and, if the movement holds its popularity, it will, in a way, do for music what the photograph has done for painting and the plaster cast for sculpture. One will, in every rural home or ranch shack be able to sit with Apollo Belvedere in plaster, at one's elbow, and the Sistine Madonna in carbon, hanging over one's head, while the children of the family discuss the relative merits of the Chopin polonaise in A flat and in B flat Minor scherzo.

Naturally enough, there are piano and organ players who don't appreciate the glorious educational propaganda of the automatic musical instrument and a dissenting murmur is going up from them; but the great artists who know that no device ever invented can compete with positive genius, maintain their Olympian calm. The composers, who long for more general musical appreciation, smile benignantly; and the musical educators write autograph advertisements. The musical elect say, "Here is something that will increase the number of persons who appreciate good music. Push it along." Meanwhile the piano teacher and dethroned virtuoso mingle their tears.—
From the New York Sun.

HETTY GREEN AND YOUNG MEN.

Mrs. Hetty Green, said to be worth \$60,000,000, and the richest woman in America, has been giving her views on why so many young men fail. The interview with Mrs. Green appears in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The trouble," she says, "with young men who work on salaries is that they're always afraid of doing more than they're paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated a young man must do more than he's paid to do. When he does something that his employer has not thought of he shows that he is valuable. Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who only carries out the thoughts and ideas of another is nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world today is a thoroughly reliable man."

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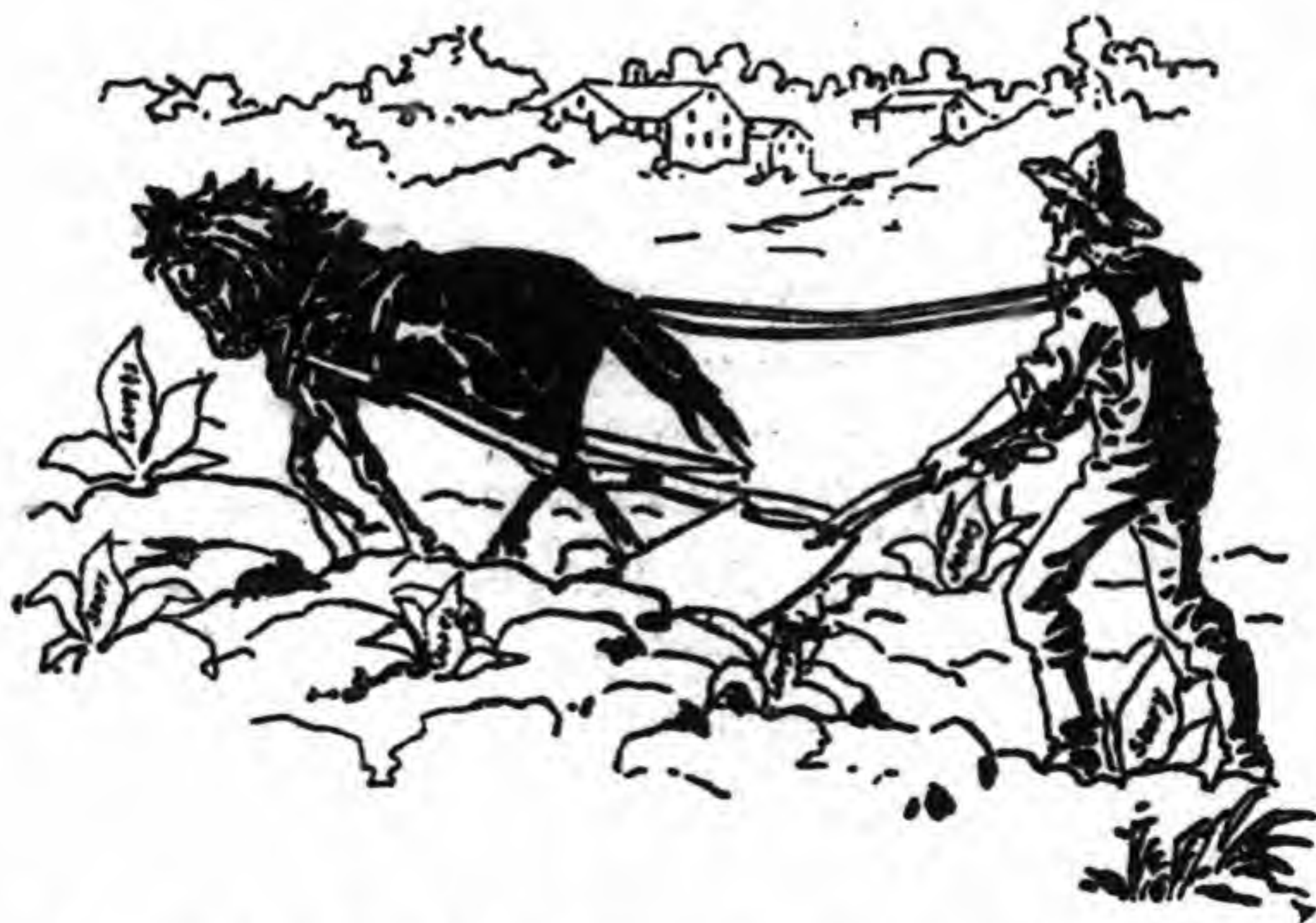
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This is a picture of CAL STEWART cultivating a fresh lot of jokes and laughs.

The PHONOGRAM

MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION:— THIRTY CENTS A YEAR

Advertising rates to be had on application.

The PHONOGRAM, No. 135 Fifth Avenue, New York

Published by HERBERT A. SHATTUCK for those interested in the arts of recording and reproducing sound. ¶ A very Special Department will be devoted to all Questions and Answers relating to Phones, Graphs, Grams, and Scopes. Correspondence welcomed by him



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¶ This month my Bird is a Crow: a Black Crow and a Big Black Crow at that. It's for you to say after you read the four and sixty pages of my double number whether I am a tame Crow or a lively, vivacious, jolly Crow. I had a tame Crow once and he was a paradox; for he was the liveliest pet I ever owned. Steal? Why he was, literally, a regular bird at stealing. Swear? Well, I don't know where he learned; not from me certainly—probably from the children on the next block. Tricky? full of tricks. But never-the-less when he died (he was poisoned by his cousins) I was genuinely sorry. Yes, his wild Crow cousins poisoned him; may be it was his own mother or his own brother that enticed him away from my lawn to their feeding grounds and put knock-out drops (in the shape of poisonous berries) among the dainties and tid-bits with which they lured him. My neighbor NEWCOMB lost a tame Crow three years ago in just the same way. He told me all about this odd Crow habit. It was a new one to me, but I have no doubt it's so, if NEWCOMB says so.

¶ Elsewhere in this month's notes I am asking for your opinions of THE PHONOGRAM in general and of this November number in particular. Please tell me just what you think of my Crow. He is superposed on the same queer bush in my book plate and bears in his beak the same scroll or scrit. He has tried to gather Phonograph facts that will be acceptable to you all. He has stolen some of the shreds of information with which he has woven this month's nest. He has gathered, from far and near, such threads of knowledge that bear on the subject of talking machines. He has impressed his tone quality, black, very heavily indeed upon certain page; notably 8, 10, 14, 16,

and other leaves containing portraits in black and white. Fact is, my printer CAROLUS BROOME says that this issue of THE PHONOGRAM is a "black list;" but I know that he was thinking of his ink bills when he made that remark, and had not in mind a criticism on literary merit or demerit. Then again as to language. Early in October I instructed my November Crow to be particularly choice in his use of words. Truly he has not had occasion to swear, as did my tame Crow of long ago; and I trust his diction and style are irreproachable. Some of my Birds have been a bit careless, I must confess. My May Yellow-bird was weak in spelling. My June Green-bird's grammar was off color. One J. B. N. wrote me "Oh Mama! who is your proof-reader?" Verily, his point was well taken, I will admit; but J. B. N. should have written "O Mama" not "Oh." Let him who is a Lindley Murray or an Alfred Ayres throw stones at my Birds; otherwise remember the story of the Glass House.

¶ Then as to tricks. Well, every one has his tricks. Tricks are all right, providing they are commendable tricks. My November Crow is full of individuality and originality. He is different from the other Birds, and it remains to be seen what you, friends one and all, have to say about my big black Crow. But this one thing, do not. Don't poison him. Don't lead him away from his path of duty with flattery or cajolery. Don't pet him with sugared nothings, else you'll ruin his digestion and unfit him for future editorial duties as surely as the knock-out berries killed my tame Crow of many years ago.

With this issue of THE PHONOGRAM I bring to a close the series of articles telling *The Story of the Phonograph*, which

was commenced in the May number. Those of my readers who have followed the thread of the story with interest will be pleased to learn that the narration will be taken up by Mr. C. W. NOYES, from whose pen will flow many practical hints and suggestions. Mr. NOYES is the manager of the Phonograph Department of Ilse & Co., Cincinnati; one of the largest piano and music dealers and publishers in the Central West. His nine years' experience in the business qualify him thoroughly as an advice giver of the top notch. His papers will be published regularly from now on under the title of "General Remarks Pertaining to the Use and Care of The Edison Phonograph."

¶ As far as possible, each month's article will be a complete story of each part of the Phonograph. Each part will be taken up in its respective order and its adjustment and repair will be fully described. Illustrations in pen and ink, by the author, will further serve to make clear his various points. His style is lucid and his writings are brief and to the point every time. The first article will be perhaps in two or more chapters; as a complete description of the machine is essential that the reader may understand each working part before attempting to profit by the suggestions offered as to its care, use and repair.

¶ Later on I shall present to my readers a series of papers by the same author on the subject of "How Records are Made and How to Care for them Properly."

¶ There seems to be no limit to the fun to be had with a Phonograph. One man writes to me that he has a perfect record of the barking of his dog, and the dog enjoys hearing the record played as much as his master does. Another

man tells me that he has successfully taken the crowing of his Brahma rooster. This reminds me of the story now going the rounds in the newspapers—perhaps you've heard it—concerning the economics of the pork packing industry in Chicago. Every part and parcel of Mr. Pig is made use of with the greatest of care and ingenuity. Not only slabs of bacon and hams and spare ribs, but sausage casings, collar buttons, brushes, fertilizers and what not. Even the dying squeals, heretofore wasted on the midnight air, are now preserved on Phonograph cylinders. It may be only a story but it shows the modern tendency of manufacturers to utilize *every* by-product.

¶ I see in the New York *Sun's* special cable despatches that there is a moving picture machine in Vienna that has a special endorsement by the Pope, and if you see it in the *Sun* it's so. According to the Vienna correspondent of the London Daily News, the latest development of modern enterprise is the Pope's blessing for two pence. This is obtained by means of a little turned-by-hand picture machine which is in a shop in the centre of Vienna. A picture of the Pontiff blessing a kneeling multitude is visible on the payment of two pence. Over the machine is a printed announcement attributing to Cardinal Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate, the following: "It is the express wish of his Holiness that all who see his blessing in this picture and receive it with a believing heart shall participate in the happiness, beatitude and welfare which would be theirs if the blessing had been personally given." All of which shows the exceedingly rapid age of progress in which we're living.

?



WHO CAN EXPLAIN THIS PICTURE :

A PRIZE of FIVE DOLLARS
May be had on request
For a *Phonograph* jingle
That describes it best.

SEE NEXT PAGE.

Perhaps my friend JACKSON has not displayed his usual keen perception of the eternal fitness of things in the illustration on the opposite page; and again, perhaps he has. Anyway, who will give me the best description, in jingle form, of its meaning, as it appeals to them? Select any letter of the alphabet you wish, and evolve a jingle of the same form and construction as the other ABZ doggerels that have appeared in THE PHONOGRAM from time to time. The word, *Phonograph*, must be contained in the Epigram, if I may call it such. The competition closes at midnight, November 30th. All jingles to be submitted by mail, addressed to EUGENE LEE, jingle Editor of THE PHONOGRAM. I have written to Alfred Austin, Rudyard Kipling and Bret Harte to be the Judges; but in event of their pre-occupation, I shall have other judges fully competent. The Competition is open to subscribers of record this first day of November, 1900; and also to *to-be* subscribers, whose names (with three dimes attached) reach me before they file their competing jingles with EUGENE LEE.

¶ There has been current, during recent months, a phrase *like thirty cents* used in a disparaging sense, to impute the worthlessness, triviality, indifference or a general whim-wham quality in the thing thus qualified.

A subscription to THE PHONOGRAM costs thirty cents the year; but in no sense shall the phrase *like thirty cents* be applicable.

It is up to you gentle reader, to prove to me that I am not whistling a jig to a milestone or fishing in the air or dropping a bucket in an empty well. It is *your* thirty cents I want.

¶ Friends, honestly now, all to whose eyes this shall come, how do you like this November number? and how do you like my publication in general? I would like an answer on a postal card from every reader of THE PHONOGRAM. Note particularly that I want it on a postal card; for I wish to tabulate in convenient form, the esteem, dislike, or otherwise, in which you hold my publication.

¶ Some years ago Mr. Anstey wrote a very clever novel in which the use of fern seed by the hero enabled him to see exactly what others were thinking about, and, if I remember right, he saw many things in a much clearer light than before he used the fern seed. That is what I want; it is light. I will tell you why later.

Of this November issue, which is a double number, something like 80,000 will be printed and circulated. I therefore expect to receive during the month of November, 80,000 postal cards (not letters you will particularly note), each one of which postal cards will contain in the fewest possible words, your frank honest criticism.

¶ Let us talk about graveyards; not a pleasant subject: but come with me and I will lead you into a nice little graveyard in which are buried several talking machine publications. Here is the gate, let us enter. By yonder weeping willow there stands a tapering headstone; to the right is a smaller one; to the left a tiny little block hardly a marker; off there in the distance are several stones that glisten in the moonlight. Let us read the inscription on the tallest of the headstones; which, I may as well tell you, mark the resting places of many small journals which were devoted to the interests of different kinds of talking machines and which would have been my esteemed contemporaries had they lived (but they didn't).

The height of each monument is in direct proportion to the number of years, or in some cases months, that the publication survived. The tallest of these headstones,

before which we are standing, bears the name "The Phonogram." (My paper, you will immediately surmise, is number two of the same name.)

"Born in January, 1890,"

"Died May, 1892,"

"Aged 2 years and 5 months."

How touching—how sad! This "Phonogram" (old series) was a right clever magazine. It was issued monthly (except when two months seemed to come together as they frequently did during 1891-92 and '93; in which case the Number was apparently an emergency number as it were, covering two months). The shape of "The Phonogram" (old series) was full magazine size, having a page nearly six by eight inches. It was devoted to the Phonograph, the Typewriter the Telephone and kindred electrical devices; in fact, to all interests connected with the recording of speech and the progress of electricity. The editor was one V. H. McRae. The paper was filled with very interesting matter indeed, as may be judged by a perusal of the bound volumes A. B. C. D. & E. They are in Mr. Openeer's library and are at the disposal of every Member of the *Order of the Phonogram*, as mentioned in October issue. At that time the talking machine business was in the hands of the North American Phonograph Co., controlling the sale of both the Edison Phonograph and the Phonograph-Graphophone, as the Graphophone was called in those days, and McRae's Phonogram was the authorized mouthpiece of the parent company and all the small Phonograph companies. The magazine took itself too seriously. It decried the use of the Phonograph for amusement purposes and insisted that the mission of the instrument was FOR USE and not for pleasure. When financial difficulties overtook the parent company, the magazine laid itself down and died peacefully, after having lived somewhat less than three years.

¶ Let us stand before another headstone; from which we

learn that there was born soon after, another sheet called "The Phonograph" of which I have been able to find only Volume I, No. 1, dated September 1, 1893. It was published by a Mr. Johnston in New York and intended to come out semi-monthly. Whether it did or not, I have never been able to discover.

¶ Here is another monument, telling of "The Edison Phonographic News;" published by a Phonograph Company in Cincinnati. This appeared every alternate month and lived for two years. The tombstone reads:

"Born, May, 1894.

Died, April, 1896."

Later on in 1897, the company itself expired. "The Edison Phonographic News" was a very bright paper indeed. The twelve issues, covering the two years, are bound in two volumes and are at the disposal of the Members of the *Order of the Phonogram*, the books being in Mr. Openeer's library.

¶ The next headstone is inscribed:

"The Gramophone Record."

Born, June, 1899.

Died, May, 1900.

It was devoted to the flat disc talking machine and I believe is now in a resurrection stage under the title of The Zonophone Record.

¶ There is one more little monument before which we pause for a moment. It is marked "Echoes From the Talking Machine World."

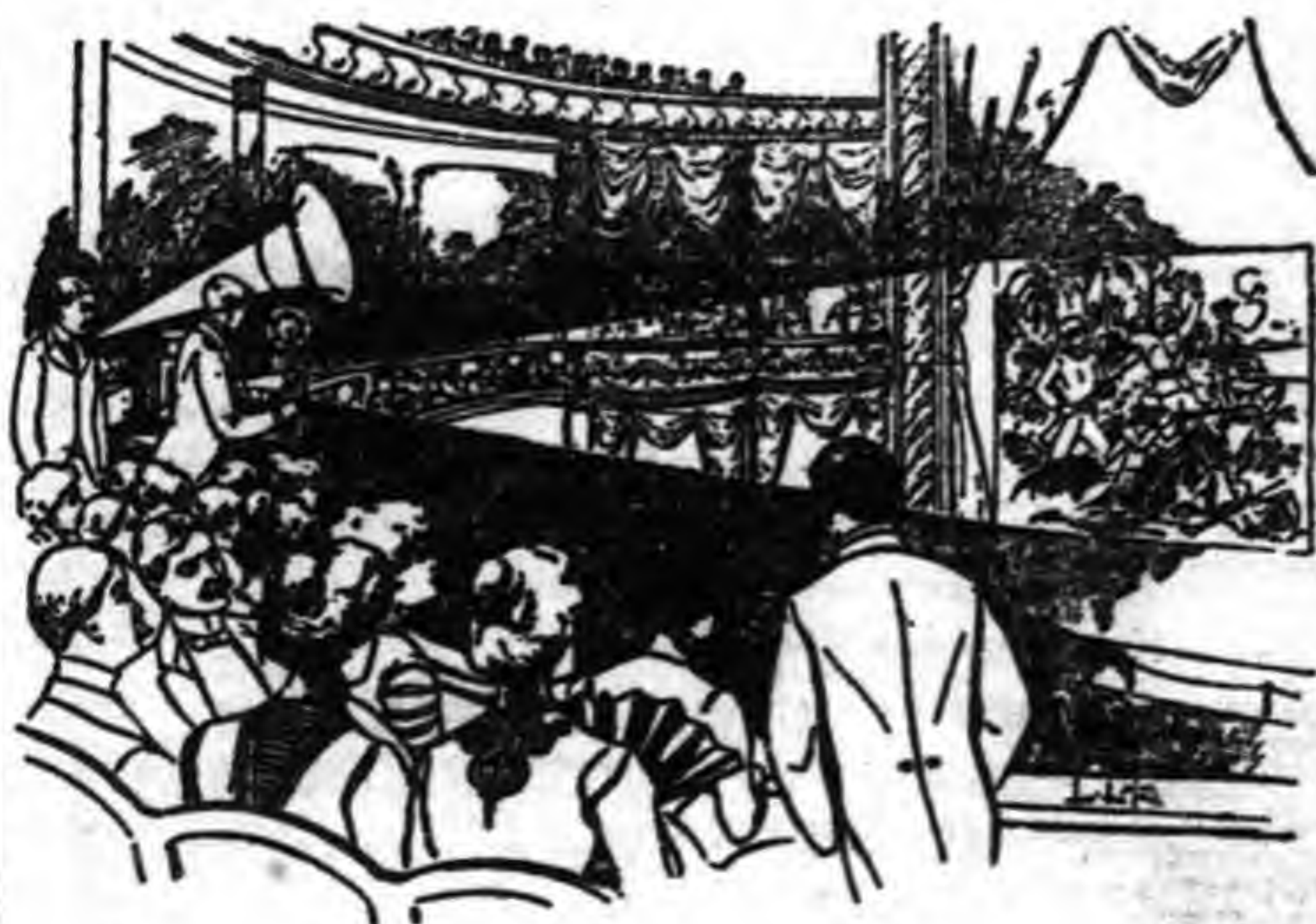
"Born, May 31, 1900.

Died, the same day."

Only one issue was ever published, but as this issue was very bright, I hope it will rise again from the grave.

¶ This ends our walk through the graveyard. I view with some apprehension perhaps that there are many spaces yet unoccupied by graves or tombs. Let us hasten; lest we be chilled with the fear that there may be yet other occupants of this little cemetery.

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| 7589 | Shultz at the Paris Exposition <i>Talking</i> | Kennedy |
| 7590 | Holy City <i>special arrangement, Violin</i> | D'Almaine |
| 7591 | Inflammatus <i>from Stabat Mater, Rossini</i> | Edison Band |
| 7592 | Eplers Whiskers <i>March comique</i> | " |
| 7593 | Aint you ma Lulu <i>Song</i> | Denny |
| 7594 | Star of my Life <i>Sentimental song</i> | Campbell |
| 7595 | I can't tell why I love you <i>Sentimental song</i> | MacD |
| 7596 | Independencia March <i>Whistling solo</i> | Belmont |
| 7597 | Over the Waves Waltz | " " |
| 7599 | De Congregation will please keep their seats
<i>Comic song</i> | Marguerite Newton |
| 7600 | Raymond Overture | Edison Grand Concert Band |
| 7601 | The fatal Rose of Red <i>Sentimental song</i> | Natus |
| 7602 | Beneath the Evening Stars | " " May Kelso |
| 7603 | Sweet Antoinette <i>Duet</i> | Harlan & Madeira |
| 7604 | Love's Old Sweet Song <i>Cornet</i> | Sweet |
| 7605 | Senegambian Two-step <i>Banjo</i> | Ruby Brooks |
| 7607 | My money never gives out <i>Coon hit</i> | Collins |
| 7609 | A Garden by the Sea <i>Sentimental song</i> | Campbell |
| 7610 | I Love you just the same | " " MacDonough |
| 7613 | The Lord is my Shepherd <i>Duet</i> | Spencer & MacD. |
| 7614 | Rusty Rags <i>Banjo</i> | Ossman |
| 7615 | Here's to the Rose <i>with Cornet solo</i> | Peerless Orch. |
| 7616 | Ripple Dance | " " |
| 7617 | Ma Tigar Lily <i>Cake walk</i> | " " |
| 7618 | Strike up the Band | Edison Grand Concert Band |
| 7625 | Lead Kindly Light <i>Sacred</i> | Male Quartette |
| 7626 | Fantasia <i>Somnambula—Clarinet</i> | Tuson |

Songs in Polish by Marcel Krzyzanowski

- | | |
|-------|------------------------------|
| 12118 | Zyczenie |
| 12119 | Jeszcze Polska nie zginela |
| 12120 | Boze cos Polske |
| 12121 | Spiew ulanow Polskich |
| 12122 | Patrzcie jak sie Mazur wali |
| 12123 | Szczescie bylo w naszym kole |

NEW EDISON RECORDS (*Concluded*)

Comic Songs in German, by Hugo Gottschall.

- 12124 Im Grunewald ist Holzanction
- 12125 Schimpf—Couplet
- 12126 Bicycle—Couplet
- 12127 Ist den Kein Stuhl da, fuer meine Hulda
- 12128 In New York da gehts um
- 12129 Stadt und Land

Songs in Hungarian by Fégesházy János

- 12130 De Szeretnék
- 12131 Nemzeti Dal
- 12132 A bártfai zöld erdőben
- 12133 Kossuth Hymnus
- 12134 Hejahuja hopp
- 12135 Tréfa dal

NEW EDISON CONCERT RECORDS

- B 488 I will still believe you true *Sentimental song* Natus
- B 489 They're proud of the Irish now " "
- B 490 All things are not what they seem " "
- B 491 March from "*The Ameer*" Peerless Orchestra
- B 492 Home, Sweet Home "
- B 493 On Duty March "
- B 494 Pretty Peggy "
- B 495 Don't it tickle you *Comic song* Denny
- B 496 Bugle Calls Sweet
- B 508 Ma Tigar Lily Cake Walk Peerless Orchestra
- B 509 The Ripple Dance " "
- B 510 Colored Aristocracy " "

A feverish inspiration

- B 511 Safe in the Arms of Jesus Chimes
- B 512 What a friend we have in Jesus "
- B 513 Believe me if all those endearing young charms "

Songs in German by Herr Deusing

- B 11079 Am Meer von F—Schubert.
- B 11080 Des Deutschen Vaterland.
- B 11081 Edelweiss.

The PHONOGRAPH *and how to use it*



¶ The above is a reproduction of the cover design of the HAND BOOK of the PHONOGRAPH.

[See pages 61, 62 and 63.]

THERE has been prepared at the Edison Laboratory a new and complete **HAND BOOK** of the Phonograph. It tells the story of the invention in **MR. EDISON'S** own words. It describes the making of the first Phonograph and how the first word that it spoke was the familiar Mother Goose Rhyme,

"Mary had a Little Lamb."

THE HAND BOOK gives a story of the attempts by early inventors to make a mechanism that would talk; telling of Faber's talking man, Vaucanson's duck, Roger Bacon's head, and a host of other interesting and curious facts. There are quotations from old authors, dating back to the 1600's, showing that the **IDEA** had been dreamt of for a long time. It describes the Singing Statue of Egypt, **MEMNON**, the speaking head of **ORPHEUS**, and other ancient mysteries.

THE HAND BOOK presents a pictorial history of the development of the Phonograph from the first rough tin foil model up to the perfected **CONCERT**. In all, there are over 90 illustrations in the Book; which is printed on antique paper, 180 pages and octavo size. It is bound in buckram, with a cover design in two colors by **CLELAND**, showing Pan playing his pipes.

NOT ONLY to the curious, but to the Phonograph owner as well, is the **HAND BOOK** of peculiar value. It gives detailed information as to the construction of the different machines and contains complete directions and plain talks as to their care and use. No Phonograph owner should be without it. It is worth its cost many times over in the helpful hints therein contained.

THE OPENEER PAPERS (reprints of the "Phone-

graph Short Story" pamphlets) form a series of practical suggestions as to the various actual uses of the Phonograph.

MR. OPENEER is an enthusiast who has an open ear and eye to the adaptability of the instrument to "human nature's daily food," and his notes and jottings in the six Openeer Papers are full of meat.

HERE FOLLOWS a complete Table of Contents.

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